

At twelve o'clock, when the savages thought I had fallen asleep, they came and, until they stepped on deck; then they learned that I had

They howled like a pack of hounds, and I fell pell mell, some into their canoes, and some into the sea to cool off. I fired seven shots when I came on deck, to let them know that I was at home, and then returned in a feeling sure I should be disturbed by people who left in so much of a hurry.

The Fuegians, being cruel, are naturally fierce, and regard a ride with super-natural fear. The only danger from their attack would be in allowing them to surround one within bowshot, or to anchor in a range, where they might lie in am-

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.—Rev. W. H. Main, pastor of the Baptist Church, Buffalo, giving testimony for and as a firm believer in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. He has many kinds of remedies without avail. After using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder he is benefited at once," are his words. It is a wonderful remedy. 50 cents.—65

They tell me that you are a vegetarian, Berchwood," said Mr. Homewood. "Yes," replied the former. "I am a Bib-vegetarian." "Never heard of Biblical vegetarians," said the latter. "The Bible says that all flesh is

South American Rheumatic Cure.—It is harmless and acts quick—gives almost instant relief and an absolute cure in from three days—works wonders in most forms of rheumatism. One man's testimony: "I spent 6 weeks in bed before commencing its use—4 bottles cured me."

He had a professional parlor oracle at his disposal. "Did she entertain the guests?" he asked her; she says nine. "Then asked her what we were going to do to eat."

Help the Overworked Heart.—The great engine which pumps life through your system hard pressed, over-coming, groaning under its load because dis-eased clogged it? Dr. Agnew's Cure for Heart is nature's lubricator and cleanser, daily demonstrates to heart sufferers that it is the safest, surest, and most speedy remedy that medical science knows.—67

They were looking at the man who was moving two seats while women were talking to stand.

"Shouldn't you," said one, "that he would be about \$11.68."

"What do you base your estimate?" said the other.

"The present price of pork and sausage," said the first.

Indigestion, that menace to man's happiness, piles up its victims, and no respecter of persons, has met its conqueror in South American Nerve. Its stomach and nerve remedy stimulates the system, tones the nerves, aids circulation, cures indigestion, dispels constipation, and cures the glow of perfect health. Cures all "chronics" that have baffled physicians.—68

Teacher, who keeps that hair store on corner, says the business seems to be the development of his youthful tenden-

How does that happen?" he says he remembers that when as a little boy in school he used to get switches for the teacher.

Little Braves.—Old time a quarter-century ago, when the field in the Little Braves. Dr. Agnew's Little Braves cures a vital are driving them out at all costs. Because they act gently, more actively, never pain, and are easy to take. Headache succumbs to one dose.—69

When you think of the manly young woman ever fancy the model youth well to be a man. y him?"

Perhaps so, if it ever becomes the man for chums to marry."

Dr. Agnew's Cure for Help.—A pain in the back of the kidneys for help, South American Nerve Cure is the only cure that hasn't been written against it in cases of kidney disease, diabetes, inflammation of bladder, gravel and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant "signs." This powerful liquid prevents and cures.—70

Agnew took his Boston teacher over and vaccinated the other day. "Did he have himself vaccinated, too?" he doesn't believe in it. But he won't take any chances with the

Have you Eczema?—Have you skin disease or eruptions? Are you itching or scalding? Dr. Agnew's Eczema Cure prevents and cures any and all of these itching, bleeding and Piles besides. One application brings in ten minutes, and cases cured in ten to six nights. 35 cents.—71

My! What a big girl you're going to be. You'll soon be able to help mother about the house.

Oh, I do that already. Whenever I'm for goodness sake, get out of my, I do it.

Specialists on the Case.—An ordinary run of medical practice is a number than this have treated cases of dyspepsia and have failed to cure Dr. Van Stan's Pineapple Tablets a box at 35 cents cost) have made me giving relief in one day. These specialists have proven their real-

(CONTINUED FROM TWENTY PAGE.)

room, and approached her. Laying his hand on her shoulder, he said, close to her ear—

"If you call out, or if you refuse what I want, I shall fire, I swear it!"

She looked at him bravely enough, though every drop of blood left her cheeks as she remembered what she had overheard this young ruffian say to his mother about her only a short time ago.

The triumph in Emilio's eyes gave place to a love which an English lad of his age would not have been capable of feeling.

Not that it was really love at all; it was merely the lawless passion of a lawless nature that meant to have what it wanted, regardless of the consequence to others.

Revering in his power to terrify a woman who had so securely kept him at arm's length hitherto, he bent nearer still and kissed her trembling lips.

She shrank from the insult, but he threw his arm around her, and held her fast, drawing her up from the chair until she stood in his embrace.

"Mine!" he whispered passionately. "Mine! My darling, my love! You will leave him, Mona, and go with me! Promise!"

"Release me!" she whispered imperiously. "How dare you treat me like this? Leave me at once and beware how you disturb my husband!"

"Curse your husband!" said Emilio brutally, but careful to speak still in the same cautious undertone. "I'll kill him, as I'd kill a dog unless you give me what I want. Stand still, or I fire! Stand still, I say!"

Up went his right arm again, the pistol covering the sleeping man, who was beginning to stir, as though disturbed by what was taking place in the room.

Mona shivered with inward dread, though she looked at the young madman as dauntlessly as ever.

"What do you want?" she asked boldly. "You!" he replied. "I will have your kiss now, as surety that you will give yourself to me later. You will go away with me to-night, and leave him and Beaudesert."

Had I've touched you at last, have I? It's your lover you are reluctant to leave, not your husband. He's awake, you see, and apparently rather shocked at the little discovery I have made. Lie still, Mr. Tony Hanlan, or you will be a widower within the minute."

Mona's husband, awakened by the raising of Emilio's voice, when the lad lost control over himself, had sat up in bed and thrown aside the coverings, as though he would leap out and rush, weak and helpless as he was, to his wife's assistance.

But when the pistol, which had been levelled at himself, was pressed to Mona's temple, he sank back, and fainted with horror.

"You fiend! You have killed him!"

Reckless of the consequence to herself, Mona struggled to get free.

Apparently, things have turned out in a way Emilio had not anticipated, for the triumph in his face changed to something like concern; the pistol was returned to his pocket, and he released Mona at once, following her as she sprang towards the bed.

"What's the matter? Emilio, what are you doing here?"

Beaudesert had come along in his dressing gown, to ask how his guest had spent the night, and expecting to find Dr. Derrington and the nurse still there.

Mona called to him thankfully. "Send for nurse, will you, and the doctor? Oh, Tony's wound is bleeding again and he looks like death! That young fiend has killed him!"

"I never intended any harm!" exclaimed Emilio. "I didn't mean him to wake. The pistol isn't even loaded—you can see for yourself."

He flung it down and returned to go, Mona's parting words cutting him like a lash and rousing his worst passions into activity once more.

"Coward! To threaten a defenceless woman and a wounded man! I pray I may never see your face again!"

"Take care!" he retorted with an ugly oath. "You haven't finished with me yet; and, maybe, you'll find that love can turn into hate."

"Silence!"

Beaudesert took the infuriated youth by the shoulders and turned him out of the room; then, taking his place by Mona's side until someone should answer his attack on the electric bell, he murmured anxiously—

"My poor child! What has that young ruffian done to you both?"

Mona shook her head, answering hastily—

"I cannot tell you now. Only, let me implore of you to keep within reach of me today. I'll get a chance I will explain, but don't leave my poor Tony. Oh! if we could only stop this bleeding!"

But it went on until Dr. Derrington arrived in spite of the nurse's effort to staunch the fatal flow; and when at length, it ceased, Death had laid his grim hand on Tony Hanlan.

He recovered consciousness for a few moments before he died, sufficiently to ask for an explanation of the strange scene on which he opened his eyes an hour before.

Mona told him, in as few words as possible, of Emilio's mad passion for herself.

Dr. Derrington and the nurse had retired to the window, and there conversed in low tones, so that the husband and wife were practically alone.

Taking up the pistol Emilio had thrown down, Mona examined it cautiously.

"It's not loaded, Tony. If I had only known this, I would have defied the young coward; but he kept it pointed at me while he asked impossible things of me."

"I hope you would have left him fire, in any case, rather than have given in to him, my dear one. His voice grew weaker and weaker, and his eyes closed wearily. Presently he said: 'I am not sorry to go; your mother told me you had no love for me—that was on our wedding day, when I parted from her—kind, was it not?'"

Mona held his hand, and wondered why

she did not feel sorer he was going, or gladder that she would have her freedom back, or anything except the dull indifference to all things on earth and heaven which was stealing over her.

"Tony," she said "tell me you have forgiven me for marrying you."

"I—love you—dear—love forgives—everything. Kiss me—wife!"

Mona's lips rested tenderly on his, and before she raised her head his last whisper reached her ear—

"Tell—Beaudesert—to make—you—happy!"

He said no more after that; but his eyes opened wide and met hers, and he smiled slightly from time to time.

Dr. Derrington crept softly to the bed and laid his fingers on the pulse of the hand Mona held.

Ten minutes passed; then—

"It is all over. Shall I close his eyes, or will you, Mrs. Hanlan?"

"She has fainted."

It was Beaudesert who spoke.

He had entered the room some minutes before, and taken up his stand near the door out of the dying man's sight.

And it was Beaudesert who reverently closed Tony Hanlan's dead eyes.

Then he turned and took Mona in his arms.

"I will carry her to her room, Derrington; she must not remain here. She has had two terrible shocks within the last six-and-thirty hours; we shall need to take great care of her." In his heart he added: "For she is mine—my very own—he gave her to me with his last words. She is the most precious thing life holds for me, and I will guard her with my life."

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Darkhaven was not told the details of all that had taken place in the castle; but she could not very well be left in ignorance of the fact that Mr. Hanlan had died in the postern tower, or that his young widow lay ill with a threatened attack of brain-fever in her own room in the more central part of the building.

And had Lady Darkhaven and Zebra, or Surge himself, had any idea of the story Mona Hanlan had been so anxious to tell, they would have realized how serious to themselves this untoward attack of brain-fever was likely to prove.

To be sure, Beaudesert knew that Mona wanted to tell him something; but he thought it might possibly be the same story he had to tell concerning her husband's adventures in the pursuit of the man who had robbed him.

Zebra was too unhappy to trouble herself much about anybody else's business. She began to think, all too late, that her romantic fancy for the convict whom she had helped to escape was nothing more than a girl's foolish infatuation for a man who appeals to her interest and sympathy as well as to her eyes.

Her cousin Jose was certainly handsome and not without some of the instincts of a gentleman.

But he was a Calzado, out and out, which meant that he was rasculous in anything concerning honesty.

He could be chivalrous to man and woman; he was brave to foolhardiness; he was capable of great generosity; and last but not least, he was a true lover, and meant to be a faithful and kind husband to the girl who had won his heart.

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was not altogether taken by surprise. Jose entered the castle with Emilio and his mother, and Zebra could not refuse to see him.

Confident of her faithfulness, he opened their interview by telling the story which she later passed on to Beaudesert.

Then he bade her be ready to accompany him when the others had finished their midnight business, concerning the nature of which he expressed himself as being in complete ignorance.

When Zebra told him she had changed her mind, he was at first incredulous, then angry, and then threatening; departing, finally, with the assurance that she had not seen the last of him by any means.

She had promised that she would be his wife, and he swore by all he held most holy that she should keep her promise.

This assurance weighed on her mind, interfering with her sleep for the rest of the night, and walking with her as a skeleton throughout the following day.

She was puzzled, too, at the change in herself.

Why should she feel so different? Why should the Zebra Beaudesert of today be a different person to the Zebra Beaudesert of three short months ago?

Elmo had not changed—except that he seemed wilder and more lawless than he had ever been before.

She did not feel the same attachment for him either; but she explained this, to her own satisfaction, by the change which had taken place in herself.

And another thing that puzzled her was the secret consciousness that, underlying all her new moods and whims—as she called them—such love as she had for her cousin was still smouldering.

She shrank from him as a criminal; she melted to him as a man.

Had he declared his intention of breaking with the old life, she would not have hesitated to go with him.

But it was clear that no such change was contemplated by him.

(To be continued.)

GETTING RID OF AN AGENT.

A Young Lawyer's Story of an Insurance Man Who Wanted Money Badly

"My insurance man came in to see me the other day," said the young lawyer, "and wanted to increase my life insurance from \$5,000 to \$10,000. I couldn't do it very well. Of course he was a great deal disappointed. He talked and talked. I could see that he was indeed distressed. But in the end I had to tell him peremptorily that I really could not meet his views about life insurance."

"Now," he said, "do you know I am rather glad of that? Because I have another plan here that I would a great deal rather have you go into. Of course these life insurance people are my principal employers. I have to do my duty by them. My conscience would not let me take money from a man for any other purpose than life insurance until I was absolutely sure that there was nothing doing with him in the life insurance line. See?"

"I told him that nobody appreciated better than I his loyalty to his employers."

"Thanks," he said, without blushing. "Now I want to call your attention to a company that has attracted my notice because of its liberality and firmness in dealing with its clients. Now have you ever thought about accident insurance? Every young man—"

Well, of course he went on until he was stopped. I succeeded in stopping him by telling him that I wished very much that he would talk to me about something new. I never made a worse break in my life.

"I'm tickled to death you spoke about it," he said. "Now, there's some friends of mine with a mint of money behind them who have got the newest thing out. It's health insurance. For less than three cents a day they will insure you against any one of these diseases."

"And then he unfolded a list of horrible afflictions that looked like a list of ailments which could be cured by somebody's patent medicines. It took my breath away. He had the right of way and he talked until I got my wind again. Then I told him that it was too much like an investment in cheap gold mine stock for me. If it paid it would pay a great deal, but it was more likely to result in money thrown away."

"Ain't those gold mining stocks awful," he exclaimed. "Now, I have just had a mighty funny experience about those things. Did you ever hear of the Midas and Grand Central Pete mine out in southern California? No? Well, mighty few people have. They will before long, though. You see, going around as much as I do I get next to some very influential people and through them I got on to this Midas and G. C. P. stock. They are going to keep it very quiet until next February; and then they are going to spring a surprise in it that there will be a heap of money in. Of course all those things are crooked. The thing is to be in with the people who are doing the crooked work. I am in. Now to tell the honest truth I am awfully hard up. That's why I have been after you so hard this morning. I need the money. I need \$60 more than the minute than I can possibly need \$60,000 next February. I have got about 25,000 shares of this M. & G. C. P. stock and for the sake of getting a little ready money quick I'll let you have a part

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach.

Imported, Roasted and Packed by

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

of it for just what it cost me. Five thousand shares, for instance, at one cent a share. On the 11th day of February next that stock will be worth \$2 a share or more. Not a cent less."

"He paused and drew a lot of gold and red ink certificates out of his breast pocket and flashed them before my eyes. I waved them away. I told him with the utmost frankness that I really was not able to undertake any new investments. If I was going to gamble, I said, I thought that I would take to a regular openly confessed gambling house."

"The insurance man leaped from his chair and caught me by the hand."

"Well, say," he said with the air of one who had at last found out what his errand actually was, "I tell you what we'll do. I've got \$5. You put in \$5 and then you put me on to some faro joint around here and I'll go play faro for a while. When I've run it up to a hundred I'll bring it in and split it with you. I'm lucky to beat the band on ceiling cards."

"I sighed a long sad sigh and handed out the five and a note to a bartender friend who could put him on to a faro joint," and urged him to hurry. I had a case to get ready; the time was cheap to me just then at that price."

"But the funny part of this yarn is that about half an hour later a messenger boy came into the office and handed me a fat envelope. It contained five ten dollar bills and this note:

"Much obliged. Excuse haste. I've gone up home to pay rent and head off dispossessed notice. J. F."

ABSINTHE DRINKING.

Observations of a Physician in New Orleans, Where There are Many Users of It.

"I see that the French Government is making an effort to suppress the manufacture of absinthe," remarked a New Orleans physician, "and that the medical corps of the army has made some very alarming reports as to the effect of the stuff on the rank and file of the troops. A similar movement was started in 1880 or thereabouts, and, if I remember rightly an order was issued forbidding the sale of the cordial to any soldier. The subject was discussed at length in the papers at the time, but the dealers brought their influence to bear and the crusade was ultimately abandoned."

"Absinthe is a strange tipple," he continued, "and the evidence as to its effects is singularly contradictory. Some people drink it all their lives and apparently suffer no bad results, while others are reduced to horrible mental and physical wrecks by not half as great an indulgence. More absinthe is consumed in New Orleans than any other city of the United States, and in years past I have made the habit something of a study, hoping to discover the exact toxic properties of the preparation and some fixed facts as to its effect on the system. I can't say however, that I was particularly successful. The liquor is simply a distillation of wormwood, known botanically as 'Artemisia Absinthium'—hence the name, absinthe. Wormwood itself is used to some extent as a medicine, and a fluid extract from the leaves and tops is regarded as a good tonic in cases of dyspepsia. The extract has some very slight narcotic properties, but the distillation seems to develop a new and powerful agent which in certain cases acts directly on the brain and great nerve centres and stimulates them to an extraordinary degree. The ultimate effect is, a breeding down of the system, loss of memory, inability to articulate, hallucinations and something resembling palsy."

One absinthe wreck whom I treated for several months had strange lapses in which he would forget his own identity and be unable to find his own way home. Another patient was continually using the wrong words, like a man with aphasia. One day he walked into the office and said: 'Doctor I have run out of referential.' He meant to say he had run out of medicine, but was absolutely unable to do it, and to this day

I never hear the word 'referential' without thinking of him. But as I said before, it all depends on the individual. Some are naturally immune to the poison and others are abnormally sensitive to it. Then, again, the symptoms differ widely, so widely that it would be impossible to diagnose a case without knowing something of its history. Altogether, the active principle of the stuff is a great mystery."

"Here in New Orleans absinthe is generally drunk in combination with anisette, diluted in about six quarts of water. I think the French way of taking it is less injurious. In Paris the confirmed absinthe drinker pours about half a gill in the bottom of a large tumbler and fills it up with water. Then, as he sips he adds more and more water from the carafe. One glass will occupy him at least an hour, and he rarely takes a second."

Shrewd Norah.

The kitchen maid thrust her head inside the door of the family sitting-room and called out:

"Mrs. Strabing, the cock-roaches is thick in the parthy an' the chiny closet! What'll I do wid 'em, mem?"

"Cock-roaches, Norah?" exclaimed Mrs. Strong, much displeased. "How does it happen that you have allowed them to become so numerous?"

"They 'im here from Mrs. Paikins's, mem, nix door," mentioning the name of a neighbor with whom her mistress was not on very good terms.

"Come from Mrs. Perkins, did they?" said Mrs. Strong, considerably mollified. "Well, I don't blame them! They'd starve to death in that house!"

Feculterities of the Black Sea.

Sir John Murray recently showed how remarkably the Black Sea differs from other seas and oceans. A surface current flows continuously from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, and an under current from the Mediterranean into the Black Sea. The latter current is salt, and being heavier than the fresh water above, it remains stagnant at the bottom. Being saturated with sulphuretted hydrogen, this water will not maintain life, and so the Black Sea contains no living inhabitants below the depth of about 100 fathoms. The deeper water when brought to the surface smells like rotten eggs.

"What makes any man wear a monocle?"

"Oh, I suppose he wishes to indicate that he can see as much with one eye as ordinary men do with two."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood